

My Braveheart

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-02-28 03:33:29

Updated: 2012-02-28 03:33:29

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:18:48

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 802

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: She swooped down to test the ability of the village, finding it worthy of her power, but as she flew away, satisfied, a net caught her, and she came crashing down into the trees ...

My Braveheart

****My Braveheart****

In the beginning, Odin created Asgard from the blood of the Giants, Ymir and Bestle. With Vili, Ve, and multiple other Gods that rose from the mist of the North, they created Midgard. Their mighty power formed the Rainbow Bridge " _Bifrost_. From the grubs that feasted on the flesh of Ymir, Odin created man. Man roamed the dark world of Midgard for many centuries before one found the light of the Bifrost and walked into Asgard. Odin was angered and ordered the man out of his kingdom, but not before cursing the man.

With a shard of the Bifrost, Odin carved the man into the scaly figure of a dragon. The first dragon " Nithhogr. Instead of words, the dragon spoke fire, making all men run before they could hear his words. And then the world was lit in destruction of fire.

Loki, son of Odin, was refused by a young maiden who he wished to bed. He turned her into the second dragon, Jormungandur. He sent her to be killed by Nithhogr, but once the two dragons met on the battlefield, fire against water, their battle created all the other dragons that would roamed Midgard.

From then on, man was terrorized by mighty dragons; all of which were created from Nithhogr and Jormungandur's fire and water. The battle raged on for many more centuries, before, once hidden by the steam of their fire and water, Jormungandur gave birth to the first dragon egg. A beautiful black beast with eyes as blue as the stars that surrounded Asgard.

This dragon, Clould, went on to give birth to several more dragons, the true Dragons. As man evolved, so did their weapons against the dragons. Nithhogr had long stopped trying to talk to man, and Jormungandur had fallen into the sea to hide from Loki.

Clould died giving birth to her final child, a small dragon by the name of Dirinoe.

Her scales were formed from the darkness of the night, and her eyes from the vegetation that covered man's earth. Her fire was as hot as the stars and her wings as swift as Thor's Hammer. She was the youngest, the smallest, but the most powerful. She was Clould reborn.

Dirinoe nested in Clould's still warm body before she stretched her wings and flew the skies of Midgard. She found fascination in watching the Gods walk the Bifrost. Many times, Dirinoe found herself wishing to see Asgard, to be next to the Gods that created her kind. Man grew, and so did Dirinoe.

Her scales blackened to be even darker than the night, her eyes brighter, and her fire hotter. Dirinoe killed many men, and soon she became known as the fiercest dragon known, the Night Fury. Her domain was the night sky, where she spoke to the stars with her fire, and attacked any man she found fit to be tested by her power.

And then one day, she came across a small village being attacked, and believed that it was worthy enough of her test. She took many men's lives. There was no point in trying to communicate with man; they would run from her fire, and Dirinoe would find herself left with charred ground at her feet.

But one thing was different from this night. Instead of flying off to find the village either still standing after her test, or nothing but a pile of ash and bone, flying away with destruction in her wake, Dirinoe was hit by a net. It was a particularly annoying net, but she was not nonetheless. No man had ever touched Dirinoe with his hands or weapons. She stayed hidden in the black night, and flew like a shadow – smooth and silent.

Yet here she was, crashing down into a forest of trees, trying to free herself from the net. Her strangled cries of fire went on deaf ears when her tail was ripped, the scales jagged and uneven. Dirinoe found herself laying in a pile of broken trees with her body bound. The sounds of the warring village died down into smoke as dawn approached.

Dirinoe lay helpless.

But if it had not been for the russet haired boy and his sympathetic heart, Dirinoe would have died in that net like some wild beast. If it had not been for the one she called Braveheart, Dirinoe would not be able to tell her story.

I would not be able to tell my story as the dragon Dirinoe, and the boy named Hiccup.

My Braveheart.

_A/N: Ah, yet another fanfiction! I was watching HTTYD earlier today

and got to thinking â€| what was going on with Toothless during the whole time and what happened before the movie? And thus, here is the fruit of my metaphoric loins! Enjoy. :)_

End
file.